

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
DECEMBER 19 1928
TEN CENTS

VOLUME I

NUMBER 45

CARMEL CELEBRATES AN ANCIENT TRADITION

Next Sunday afternoon at three, Carmel will celebrate the Feast of Goodwill at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. All of Carmel,—or as much of it as can snugly fit into one theatre,—is invited to come.

There will be singing of carols and ancient traditional songs of Christmas,—some of these by grownups, who have been rehearsing intensively with Mrs. Dickinson during the last weeks; some by the children. Some accompanied orchestrally. All week, at the Sunset School, at the Dickinson's, at Fenton Foster's, and at the Golden Bough, rehearsals have been going on, the Christmas mood building itself in.

The singing will accompany a presentation of tableaux and pantomime illustrating the story of the Nativity. Mrs. Seideneck's designs for these pictures, carried out under her direction, cause us to anticipate a thing of beauty and dignity. The grave joy of the birth of the Christ-child; the solemn adoration of the Magi; the ecstatic vision of the shepherds who saw the heavens opening before them,—these usher in the Christmas mood fittingly.

The Festival will not be one of passive enjoyment alone. All those who come are invited to sing the old, familiar, and beloved carols with which the program of the afternoon opens.

And on Monday evening, Christmas eve, Carmel foregathers, as in other years, about the big Christmas tree at the head of Ocean Avenue, again to sing, again to receive the official welcome of an ancient saint. This will be at seven-thirty promptly.

In case of rain, the Christmas tree and its patron saint will await us on the next clear evening at the same hour.

The complete program of the Christmas Festival, together with the text of the carols to be sung there and at the Community tree, will be found on other pages of this issue.

CHRISTMAS



from a cut by Jo Mora, illustrating the little book "El Paseo," done by the Press in the Forest for Mr. L. C. Merrell.

WINTER SOLSTICE

A god passed by and dropped his purple cloak

Of velvet on the Santa Lucia hills.

"Earth-brothers" he said, "Dream deep

Beyond the outer fields of dream.

In this the darkest moment of the year

I go to find the Star."

—Dora Hagemeyer.

Carmel News

A CHARMING PARTY

A delightful and unique party was held last Friday in Carmel in the Court Room above the Post Office. Nearly the whole viallage was present and the festivities lasted for twelve hours. Some of the participants committed perjury (or so one of the hosts thought) but they didn't really mean it.

The occasion was the trial of Dr. R. A. Kocher for battery, complainant Mr. S. A. Reynolds, prosecution the People of California, ably represented by City Attorney Argyll Campbell. For the defendant appeared Mr. Louis Oneal of San Jose and Mr. John Thompson of Monterey.

After much questioning and several profitable hours the jury was empanelled, as follows: Messrs. C. Beck, L. N. Jones, W. E. Logan, H. J. Murphy, Russell Filed, James Hopper, R. F. Ohm, C. Hogle, H. E. Rogers. Mesdames: B. Warren, H. W. Jones, E. B. Adams.

Witnesses called were Mrs. S. A. Reynolds, Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Kocher, Miss Tommi Thomson, Miss Kissam Johnston, Mr. Perry Newberry, Mr. Paul Flanders, Dr. Wilson Davidson, Dr. Lowell and character witnesses who were allowed to answer from their seats in the auditorium which was so packed that they could not get through to the witness stand.

Legal precedent was established in Carmel by the Presiding Judge A. P. Fraser being called as witness by the defence.

The proceedings were quite solemn and dignified until some of the august lawyers present made remarks calculated to raise a laugh which they did and then the court room was called to order for laughing. Said Miss Thomson:

"He called him 'a darned poor sport'."

Mr. Oneal: "Repeat that please."

Miss Thomson: "'A darned poor sport.'"

Mr. Oneal: "That's not what we call it in San Jose."

Mr. Reynolds submitted that he was severely handled after the doctor had told him he could do no more for him, the Doctor submitted that he had asked him not to run a certain story in the San Francisco Examiner and that when this story appeared and he told Mr. Reynolds he could do no more for him and please to leave his office Mr. Reynolds answered:

"Put me out."

The Doctor did.

The trial hinged on how much force was necessary to do this, the prosecution con-

tending that the contusions received by their client were unnecessary, the defence that these were obtained by a fall against the surgery radiator and not by blows. After three quarters of an hour's deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of 'Not Guilty' and the meeting broke up in good order.

The proceedings were a fine example of Carmel's spirit of fairness, sense of humour, and goodwill.

Since all the stories differed one from another there must have been perjury, or bad reporting or—something.



CARMEL TO DANCE

There will be a community dance sponsored by the P. T. A. at the Sunset School on Friday twenty-eighth at 8:30 (after Christmas). Eastman's Orchestra has been engaged and it is hoped that everyone will respond in a true Christmas spirit. The admission will be a dollar a couple.

ROAD BLOCKED

Mr. Leidig's Fyr-Fyter House is graduating,—graduating from Dolores Street to Lincoln by gradual stages. Not a bottle shaken from the shelves,—not even the thermos bottle tipped over on the kitchen drainboard. Sit at lunch in that moving house, and you'll feel less of a commotion than aboard a ship at sea. Take a late night prow and you'll come upon it suddenly in some new spot,—glowering at you from beside Pine Inn perhaps, and looking very majestic and powerful. But just in case you are absent-minded, and don't notice a little thing like a house in front of you on the street, the thoughtful city authorities, ably supported by Mr. Hinkle, housemover, of Pacific Grove, have, put up a sign in front. "Road blocked"!

An enormous book of Symbolic Philosophy measuring 13 x 19 inches and weighing fifteen pounds was exhibited at Unity Hall this week. It is the work of Manly P. Hall and presents an exhaustive study of over forty great religions and philosophical systems. It is profusely illustrated in color, and is one of the most remarkable publishing feats ever accomplished in America.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

December

19-20 Two-piano music—at the Golden Bough by Mary Ingels and Mary Walker, accompanying the picture. "The Wedding March."

21 Children's Evening—at the Community Church at 8:00.

23 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.

23 Christmas Festival, — Theatre of the Golden Bough at 3:00 o'clock. Carols and tableaux illustrating the Nativity. Open to all.

24 CHRISTMAS EVE—in every home and at every hearth. And at 7:30 in the evening, a community carol sing about the community tree on Ocean Avenue. Everybody invited.

24 CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL — AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH at 4:30.

25 CHRISTMAS DAY.

25 Celebration of Holy Communion—at All Saints' Church at 8:00. a. m. And at 11:00, a Festival Service, with Communion.

COMMUNITY DANCE—Sunset School at 8:00. Auspices of the P. T. A. Admission a dollar.

Woman's Club Activities suspended during the holidays.

Suggested Christmas Presents for Carmel to make itself

Clear up the dump by the river mouth.

* * * *

Resolution not to drop papers and other filth on the beach particularly around the bath house.

* * * *

To pay bills. They have to be paid anyhow. Do It EARLY.

* * * *

Clean up sidewalk in front of house so that it is passable for pedestrains (Yes such are still left).

* * * *

The cypress on Point Lobos—a gift to the painters and etchers from a grateful community, if they will stop painting and etching it.

* * * *

Seats in the middle of Ocean under the pines that those of us not so young as the others may rest with our burdens, shopping and otherwise, before ploughing through the Flanders mud once more. (Flanders was where the great war was fought).

* * * *

Subscription to the Carmelite.

IN MEMORY OF AN OLD FRIEND

We pause for a moment in the midst of Christmas moods, to turn back retrospectively to other years, other Christmases. It is good to think rememberingly of Rem, and his share in them. He had a real feeling for the beauty of religious ritual, and an especial affection for Christmas. Christmas was almost Rem's own day in Carmel. Rem was a part of the first deliberations for this year's festival, which began with the question, "What shall we do this year, Rem, for the children's Christmas?"

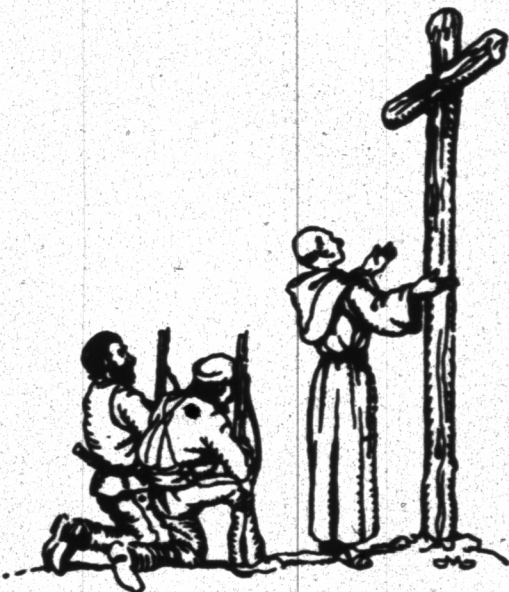
The children of Carmel will remember Rem, and how last year they crowded into his studio on Christmas afternoon till it was brimming,—all the children of Carmel invited,—to see his Punch and Judy show. It was a good thumping show. (Or, to be frank, it was an atrocity of a show. But let us forget that.) Punch thumped Judy, Judy thumped Punch; the children shouted, ate ice cream with funny little spoons from cardboard boxes; bade farewell and thanks to Rem; and trooped back home to their Christmas trees.

Since then, high tide has beat, broken, and receded, bearing with it Rem. And we, on the crest of new tides, look back, remembering, with affection.

SHE SOLVED IT

Dora Hagemeyer had a difficult ethical problem to solve last rainy day. Ocean Avenue had turned into a river which took a neat curve at Monte Verde and flowed along swiftly till it reached her house, when it poured down the rock steps and into her garden.

She put on a coat and took a spade and proceeded to dig a ditch. She dug vigorously the whole length of her property and was going inside somewhat exhausted when she saw that the flood was now running into her absent neighbor's garden and almost under his front door. So she again set to work and dug another sixty feet. The flood then poured into Mr. Terwilliger's garden. She conjured up an image of Mr. Terwilliger... a good husky man. She looked at her own small hands now almost blistered. She looked at the flood. She let it go at that.



Personal Bits . .

One day, some weeks ago, Elizabeth Dickinson, usually of Carmel, but more lately of Hollywood, became restless, shook the dust of California from her shoes, and emigrated to New York and the effete east. In addition to her teaching in Hollywood, she had recently been working upon some mural paintings. But as she could not take the walls with her, she slipped a few odd sketches and things into her portfolio. There are some ten million souls in New York, and of these a number rather less than nine million are painters and artists. But Elizabeth Dickinson bears a dauntless spirit. Armed with her portfolio she went to one of the best schools in New York and announced to the director that she had come prepared (no, not to study but) to teach. The director looked carefully over the work in the portfolio, called together a meeting of the Board of Directors at which Miss Dickinson was invited to speak, sketching her artistic convictions, and thereupon immediately asked her to undertake the teaching of several courses.

Miss Dickinson is known in Carmel not only for her own painting, with its characteristic humor in line and form, but for the rather remarkable teaching she did three summers ago. The exhibit in the Hollywood Library of the work of her children's classes of that summer was reported by the librarian as having caused wider interest than any exhibit by adult artists, ancient or modern, ever held there.

Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, busy last week over the Jeffers issue of the Carmelite, nevertheless took off a day to lecture in San Francisco. Up with the early morning train; lecture at three; and back in the evening. Such the tempo of the modern woman.

His Honor the Mayor of Carmel, Mr. Bonham, also spent a part of the week in the north, replenishing his Christmas hardware stock, and surveying holiday business conditions.

Who else went up? Well, Ray and Mrs. Boynton, Tilly Polak, Pauline Schindler, for reasons mysteriously associated with the holidays. Toward the end of the week, there will be a flock of university students returning home, and holiday-makers from town who have come to exchange the brilliant sparkle of the city for our quieter landscape.

Yes, the Hartleys will be missed. No, they haven't gone yet. But they announce that as soon as they have sold their house they are off again for foreign parts. They like Carmel too much to remain in it uninterruptedly and unmiti-

gatedly. And besides, there are corners of the world they haven't yet explored. Thibet, for instance. Then there will be the fun of the return again to Carmel, with the announcement that of all spots in the world it is the one and only. And then of course there will be too the fun of buying back their house again!

* * * *

Mr. Harry Dickinson had an awkward fall some days ago which has resulted in a hunt and a siege in bed. A psycho-analyst might account for this difficulty explaining it as an unconscious attempt on Mr. Dickinson's part to escape the burdens of adviser to the committees, leagues, guilds, and perplexed individuals of Carmel. Yet there is no rest for the weary. Hunt him to his lair on any day of the week including the Scandinavian, and you are likely to find him surrounded still by seekers after council from "the fairest-minded" man in Carmel."

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Peter O'Crotty arrived in Carmel last week by way of a most romantic elopement, old style, with all the paraphernalia of protesting parents and rapid flight in a car piled high with trunks, pursued by irate father. Although of an age when most American youth is still shyly contemplating its academic honors in readiness for the big jump out of the nest into the wide, wide world, Mr. O'Crotty had already been a newspaper publisher, learned Chinese in Shanghai, and watched the landcrabs drop coconuts from palm trees in the South Sea islands.

The first plan of the pair, upon arrival here, was to remain in Carmel forever. Such however is the speed of "forever" in the modern tempo, that within a week they and their trunks, together with Mr. O'Crotty's plans for a novel, his next play, and a modern quarterly he had in mind publishing in Carmel, were already transplanted to Hollywood.

* * * *

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

Paul Flanders walking all round the bush but getting there eventually.

* * * *

John Ward trying to find a place on his car to polish.

* * * *

All the staff of the Pine Cone and all the staff of the Carmelite appearing well-satisfied.

* * * *

Young Mr. Espindola sweeping the sidewalk in front of his shop with a hoe.

* * * *

Five pups and a moving house fighting for the village's attention.

* * * *

A street you can drive along.

* * * *

Gus hunting for jurymen.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN
COMES TO CARMEL

(With Apologies to A. A. Milne)

"Pooh," said Christopher Robin one evening, "do you know what night this is?"

Pooh thought very hard, but being a bear of very little brain he couldn't think as far as that.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve!" said Christopher Robin "and we're all going to see Carmel's Christmas tree!"

"Hooray!" shouted Pooh and went off to find Piglet and Eeyore and Owl and Kanga and Roo and Rabbit and all Rabbit's friends and relations.

When they were all gathered at Pine Inn, Christopher counted them carefully to be sure they were all there.

"Where's Tigger?" he cried, but just then Tigger came bouncing along.

"I couldn't get down Lincoln Street because a big house has walked right out into the middle of the street and it mixed me all up."

"Now," said Christopher Robin, "Keep close to me. There'll be an Awful Crowd and I don't want to lose any of you."

They started up Ocean Avenue looking at all the beautiful sights. Pooh was humming a little Pooh-song.

"When the tree shines bright

On a winter night

And the honey bees are humming

"It's a sweet delight

And a splendourful sight

To see the children coming."

"That's a very good song," thought Pooh, "except that bees don't hum at night; but anyway it would be much friendlier if they did."

Piglet was looking in Curtis's window.

"What are those big long red things with stripes all around them like Tigger?"

"Candy-canes," said Eeyore gloomily, "for the fortunate people of the world."

"Perhaps there'll be some on the Christmas Tree," said Piglet eagerly.

"And perhaps Not," said Eeyore sadly. "If there are, they'll only be for decoration."

"Where's Owl?" said Christopher suddenly. There was a great search for Owl and finally they found him sitting on a telephone post looking sadly up and down the street.

"What's he looking at?" said Pooh.

"The Architecture," said Christopher Robin.

"What's Arkijecture?" asked Pooh.

"Architecture," said Christopher. "It's got a K in it) is the way artists think buildings ought to be made."

"Where's Piglet now?" But Piglet's nose was pressed against the Bakery window.

By this time Pooh was lost and they found him after an Exhaustive Search smelling a jar of honey in Leidig's. Then they had to look for Kanga and they found

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TOYS
TOYS**

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Many gifts under two dollars

Der-Ling Shop

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Carmel

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San Francisco.

her looking at children's rain-coats in Imelman's. Roo was looking at the toys in Stella's, and Eeyore was away down at Tilly Polak's, sorrowfully looking at a painting of some thistles.

Christopher finally gathered them all together and got them as far as Whitney's where they all stood in a row for a long time,—just wishing.

Pooh was singing another little song:—

"O the sugar canes are sticky
And the butter-balls are lick
And the peanut-brittle's prickier
than honey.

"And the Charleston-chews are by
them

How I would like to try them!
If only you could buy them
Without money."

"Come on now, all of you," said Christopher Robin, "We'll be late for the Tree. I saw Billie Frolli and Mark Schindler and Pete Steffens and Max Hagemeyer and Billie Harris and Clare Mawdsley and Clayton Askew and all the other Important People go by long ago.

"Oh and there's Father Christmas and look there's Fenton Foster telling them to hush! Now sing all of you, 'Hark the herald Angels sing!'"

—Dora Hagemeyer.



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so restful that it will be a pleasure
for you to select exquisite gifts for
your friends

HIGH SCHOOL P. T. A. MEETING

Mr. Davis of San Benito County Junior College in his address on Thursday evening encouraged those who have long hoped for a Junior College here. He did not consider the District Junior College practicable, because of expense and legal technicalities. He said that our hope lies in the Departmental Junior College. This may be made part of the High School unit except that it must have its own faculty of teachers of M. A. degree and standardized equipment. The experience of those who have been connected with Junior Colleges is that the standard of work among students is excellent. The fact that graduates from Junior Colleges have been kept under home influences two years longer is considered one of the most important reasons for this success.

PETER J. REUTER

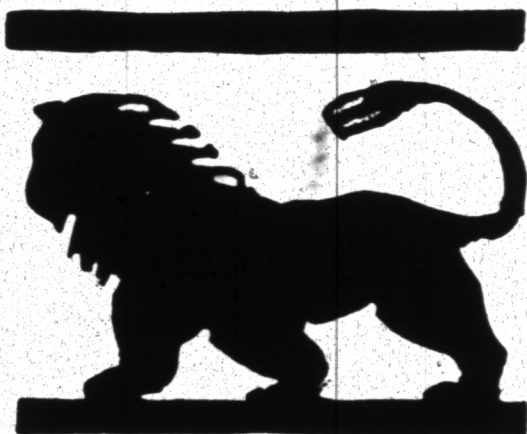
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CHRISTMAS
"A GIFT THAT IS DIFFERENT"

ALSO ENGLISH LUSTRE WARE
AND GLASS FROM ENGLAND
Dolores near Seventh





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Dinner
Monterey: 2026

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Carmel

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Education . .

SHALL WE GIVE OVER OUR SUNSET SCHOOL TO COUNTY ADMINISTRATION

If the proposed County Unit plan of School Administration passes the state legislature, this is exactly what the result will mean not only to Carmel but to every small community in the state of California.

At the regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association there was a round table discussion of this proposed measure. Assemblyman De Yoe was present, and we are sure he must have been impressed by the arguments presented against this bill.

Briefly stated, the county unit plan provides for a centralization in school administration. The county, not the district, would be the governing unit. All local school boards would be done away with in the smaller districts like our own and a county board of education would take over the entire control of the school system.

Miss Kellogg and Mrs. Schoeninger of our local schoolboard led the discussion. While frankly opposed to the measure as it now stands, they presented the matter in a remarkably fair manner. Greater economy and efficiency in school administration are the reasons given in favor of this bill by its sponsors. The State Tax Payers League recommended the plan and it has supporters among many educators in the state.

The question of economy seems to be a doubtful one and the matter of improved conditions in the smaller schools was directly challenged by the speakers.

The whole matter seems to center around the question: Are our large city schools with their highly centralized administration the ideal? Many of us in Carmel (and no doubt in every small community in the state) feel that the city school is not the ideal. This is one of the many reasons why we are living in Carmel. We rejoice in our opportunity to get together informally—parents, teachers and school board members—to plan and work toward an educational ideal.

Educational needs and ideals are necessarily different in the varied districts in the same county. While it is true that the rural schools are greatly in need of improvement, surely this can be brought about without such a drastic change as the one proposed.

In the name of economy and efficiency must we give up our local school board and cast our lot with a machine-like county organization? Isn't this rather a vital question for the whole state? —G. M. B.

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DID JESUS EVER LIVE?

In his lecture at Unity Hall on Saturday night, Manly P. Hall, well-known lecturer and author endeavored to show that there is no historic proof of the life of the man Jesus. Much investigation has been needed to find the true record. There is no major character in history about whom less can be found out. At 400 A. D., a Hebrew of great age was discovered who had heard rumors of him. He maintained that he had died at 60 years of age surrounded by his disciples.

Christianity is one mass of pagan symbolism. The cross was a religious symbol in the stone age. Over 21 world saviors have been crucified. Prometheus was crucified; there is a story that Krishna was crucified upon a tree and that afterwards the tree blossomed with red flowers. Quetzalcoatl of the Mexicans was crucified between two thieves with the skull of Adam underneath.

December 25th is an important date in all mythology. It is sacred as the birthday of the sun-god. It is the birthday of Mishras, sun-god of the Persians, of Bacchus and Dionysus of the Greeks. The new sun-god, symbol of regeneration, is always born at this time.

It is important to note that the authenticity of the four gospels has never been established. Students of Greek have discovered that the book of Matthew is the work of at least ten authors writing over a period of 600 years. The book of revelation is proved to have been written by a pagan under the name of St. John.

The story of Jesus itself is the simple and natural narrative of a man. The interpolated material fits into pre-Christian thought and is concerned with the annual life of the sun. In this way the life of Jesus has been elevated to the stature of the demigods of antiquity. His life shows definite experiences which are paralleled in the life of the sun. In the constellations we find the record of the life of the Master.

An interesting point to note is that the letters I. H. S. used on altar cloths, are the ancient Greek monogram of Bacchus.

The strength of Christianity lies where it unites with other faiths not where it differs. The most important part of it has been preserved by the Gnostics, who protested the inner teaching in its purity.

The greatest fault among Christians has been in worshipping a personality rather than a principle.

"The letter of the Law killeth.
The Spirit of the Law giveth Life."
—D. H.

She who kneels to tend the garden
kneels in prayer,
Though only God and daffodils
are there.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS:

KEITH WOODBLOCK PRINTS OF THE ORIENT
RUGS FROM THE LOOMS OF PEKING
HANDWROUGHT JEWELRY
IRON "SILHOUETTE" PICTURES

BRASSES

COPPER

TAPESTRIES

CHINESE

Court of the Golden Bough

ART

Carmel-by-the-Sea



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INN
ON CARMEL BAY

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and blue Pacific...
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Carmel



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TO PLANT IN THE GARDEN
AFTER THE HOLIDAYS
WREATHS AND HOLLY
BRIGHT FLOWER POTS
FROM MANY COUNTRIES

GIFT PLANTS — CUT FLOWERS

THE GARDEN SHOP — CARMEL
DOLORES STREET OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

Curtis

Ice Creams

PEPPERMINT
MAPLENUT
PISTACHIO,
PRUNE
PEACH
VANILLA
CHOCOLATE
STRAWBERRY
BANANA
BUTTERSCOTCH
TUTTI-FRUTTI
ORANGE ICE
LOGAN-BERRY ICE
PINEAPPLE ICE

TURKEY DINNER
CHRISTMAS AND
NEW YEAR'S

\$1.25

PROGRAM OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

THE PROGRAM OF THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL CAROLS BY ALL OF US:

ADESTE FIDELES
O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM
THE FIRST NOEL
GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN
HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING
HOLY NIGHT

(first stanza by the children)

CESAR FRANK. AT THE CRADLE
(WOMEN'S VOICES)

TABLEAU THE ANNUNCIATION

OLD BOHEMIAN CAROL ONCE LONG AGO
(WOMEN'S VOICES)

PASTORAL SYMPHONY FROM HAENDEL'S MESSIAH
(ORCHESTRA)

THE STORY OF THE BIRTH LUKE 11:8-19
(BY A LITTLE CHILD)

TABLEAU THE SHEPHERDS
FLUTE HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK, FROM
HANDEL'S MESSIAH

CAROL FROM THE OLD COVENTRY MYSTERIES
(MIXED VOICES AND ORCHESTRA)

FRENCH BALLAD THE MIRACLE OF SAINT NICHOLAS
(CHILDREN'S VOICES WITH
ORCHESTRA)

REINECKE, CANON WHEN THE CHRIST WAS BORN
(WOMEN'S VOICES)

OLD ENGLISH BALLAD GOOD KING WENCESLAS
(CHILDREN'S VOICES)

TRADITIONAL CAROL WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE
(MEN'S VOICES)

TABLEAU THE WISE MEN
OLD FRENCH CAROL NOW THE HOLY CHILD IS BORN
(CHILDREN WITH ORCHESTRA)

FROM HAENDEL'S MESSIAH, HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET
(ORCHESTRA)

OLD FRENCH CAROL GOOD NEIGHBORS ALL OF
CHARTRES

MARTIN LUTHER'S CAROL AWAY IN A MANGER
(CHILDREN'S VOICES)
TABLEAU MADONNA AND CHILD
CHORAL, HUSH MY DEAR LIE STILL AND
SLUMBER... BACH
(MIXED VOICES)

OLD ENGLISH CAROL WHAT CHILD IS THIS?
(CHILDREN'S VOICES)

LULLABY OF THE CHRIST CHILD
(CHILDREN'S VOICES WITH
ORCHESTRA)

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING PRAETORIUS
(WOMEN'S VOICES, A CAPELLA)
AVE MARIA BACH GOUNOD

TABLEAU (VIOLIN AND FLUTE)
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Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled,
Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies
With Angelic Host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem
Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth,
Risen with healing in his wings, Light and Life to all He brings.
Hail the Son of Righteousness, Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace.

The Arts . . .

THE VAN VALKENBURGH PORTRAITS

Peter van Valkenburg, who is just now in Carmel as the guest of Mr. Harry M. McKee, has some very interesting charcoal portraits to show, in addition to the likenesses of Dr. and Mrs. Frederic Blanchard which he is doing at the Highlands. Mr. van Valkenburg's work shows a very delicate use of his medium, a subtlety equal to painting, and a literal truthfulness which goes almost beyond photography, confused as that art must be by the presence of irrelevant detail.

Mr. van Valkenburg's fidelity is augmented by a cleverness in his understanding of his subjects. His analysis constitutes something almost like a commentary on his sitter. He had had some remarkably interesting heads in his collection of portraits of members of the faculty of the universities of California and of Stanford and presidents David Starr Jordan, Wheeler, Wilbur, and Barrows,—a notable group which justifies an exhibit, although these are on view only privately or by appointment.

MODERN FURNITURE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

An exhibit of modernistic furniture has been touring the coast recently, first in Oakland, and now at Bullock's in Los Angeles. It is fitting that it should be shown in department stores,—not only because such furniture should be bought and lived in if it is potent furniture; but because the department stores, like the Ladies Home Journal and the moving picture, establish popular taste. Exhibits of modern interiors and their fittings have been very well presented in New York, notably at Macy's and have become a factor of encouragement to craftsmen and designers working in the modern spirit. Gradually these influences seep over to us from Vienna, where many of them originate,—to New York which also originates much of its own, and finally to the Pacific coast. This being the first exhibit of the sort to be on general view,—with the exception of work like Kem Weber's in Los Angeles, and Rudolph Schaeffer's in San Francisco,—it is somewhat unfortunate that it is not being carried out with the aid of artists fully competent to understand its intention. So, at least, say some of the modernists themselves, protesting that in such case, half a loaf is worse than no bread.

Meantime Carmel has a modern furniture designer of its own,—Hazel Watrous,—who has recently completed some very interesting new pieces of work,—good in feeling, good to see, and masterpieces of comfort.

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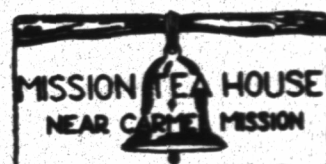
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THE CARMELITE, December 19, 1928

THE ROSE

The Rose that blooms in Paradise
Burns with an ecstasy too white
For mortal eyes;
But sometimes down the jasper walls
A petal falls
Toward earth and night.
To lose it is to lose delight
Beyond compare:
To have it is to have
Despair!

—Ella Young.

OPINIONS

We suspect that Robinson Jeffers is un-
aware of his own strength or that he
has become impatient of slow fame and
that it is therefore he has had recourse
to the weapon of weakness, salaciousness,
which is all unworthy of his extraordinary
powers.

* * * *

The terrific death he (Jeffers) is now ex-
periencing is our only knowledge of him
... Here is the annihilation of Robinson
Jeffers... The world is probably not as
sick as Jeffers feels it to be. If it were
sick enough to accept Jeffers, it could
hardly live long enough to do so.

—Genevive Taggard in N. Y. Herald
Tribune, Aug. 28, 1927.

* * * *

"* * * I've been reading it (Tamar) over,
trying to convince myself that it's not
the strongest stuff ever written—and fail-
ing in the attempt. I'm very sincere in
saying that it's a most tremendous poem,
and that you clasp hands with the great
Greeks across time. * * * For power,
for terror, even for weird witch-lights of
beauty, there seems to me to be nothing
like it in English. Anyone that can read
it, live a hundred years and not remember
it, passes out of human categories.

—George Sterling in a letter.

MORE SIGNS OF INTELLECTUAL STRAIN

Another bright idea has been brought
into our office. Now X proposes that we
celebrate in Carmel an annual birthday
for all pets. Japanese children, she
reminds us, have a national birthday holi-
day for themselves. Why not, in Car-
mel, one for pups and kittens? Also for
pet canaries, parrots, and white mice.

Our suggestion is that if this proves a
success, we inaugurate an annual birth-
day for postage stamp albums and their
inmates. Meantime another of us wants
to know how we are to treat our pets
after Kindness to Animals week is over.
He is worried, because he has apparently
made the mistake so far of celebrating the
week all year.

"I approve the student who, reacting a-
gainst the excessive and irreconcilable
claims made upon him, listens deferential-
ly to advice but resolves to set his own
value upon the opportunities offered and
arrange his life accordingly."

—Chas. H. Cooley, *Life and the Student*.

CARMEL COMMUNITY CAROLS

These are the Carols to be sung at the Tree and the Festival.
Please bring this program with you.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,

O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem,

Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels,

Chorus—

O Come let us adore Him, O come let us adore Him,

O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing choirs of angels, sing in exaltation,

Sing all ye citizens of heaven above;

Glory to God in the highest,

Chorus—

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this happy morning

Jesus to Thee be glory giv'n;

Word of the Father, now in flesh appearing;

Chorus—

* * * * *

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie;

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth the Everlasting Light;

The hopes and fears of all the years, are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is giv'n

So God imparts to human hearts, the blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin,

Where meek souls will receive Him still, the dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem! Descend to us we pray;

Cast out our sin and enter in, Be born in us today.

We hear the Christmas angels, the glad great tidings tell,

O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

The audience is requested not to applaud.

* * * * *

SILENT NIGHT

Silent Night, Holy Night

All is Calm, all is bright

Round yon Virgin Mother and Child

Holy Infant so tender and mild,

Sleep in heavenly peace

Slee pin heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,

Shepherds quake at the sight

Glorious stream from Heaven afar,

Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,

Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born!

* * * * *

THE FIRST NOWELL

The First Nowell the Angel did say,

Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep

On a cold winter's night that was so deep.

CHO!—Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,

Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star

Shining in the East, beyond them far

And to the earth it gave great light,

And so it continued both day and night,

Chorus—

This Star drew high to the Northwest,

O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,

And there it did both stop and stay

Right over the place, where Jesus lay.

Chorus—

Then entered in these Wisemen, three,

Full reverently upon their knee,

And offered here in His presence

Their Gold, and Myrrh, and Frankincense.

Chorus—

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Editorials . . .

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

The best people in Carmel—all the best people in all the Christian world—are on top just now. They have come into their own. Not for long of course. The Christmas season is short, but it is good while it lasts. It is good for everybody to think like, to think about and to give away to the children, who—nobody will deny—are our aristocracy. They bring out the best—the aristocratic in us. What a pleasant life we would live if the world were governed all the years round by and for this aristocracy. And it might be. The Christian spirit is as real as Santa Claus. In San Francisco, after the earthquake; when property was destroyed and people thought it was no use getting and hoarding things, they, the worst of them, the grown-ups became as little children to one another. Twice during the world war, at Christmas, the soldiers went over the top, not to kill but to meet, fraternize and share their parcels from home. Men are as good as we'll let them be. Deliver us from temptation and we are as good as the children are. Which is not too good.

The beauty of children is that they are not good, but only natural (till we get in our education upon them). They are unsuppressed. They are busy, playful, shameless, curious and courteous. These in-born gifts are enough to solve the problems of the world without virtues and without force. Busy-ness would do the world's work, and playfulness would enjoy it; shamelessness is the root of honesty and of art; curiosity is the seed

of learning, science and invention; and as for courtesy—that were policeman enough to steer social traffic to the right, if—

The Carmelite wishes Santa Claus for Christmas a merry, merry world—forever.

INSTEAD OF BIRTH CONTROL

Here is a sound argument against birth control, and an alternative for it. The statement was uttered by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, Professor of Moral Theology and Industrial Ethics at Washington, in criticism of a Cleveland judge who imposed a three-year sentence upon a couple that practised birth control. The Church of Rome has long been opposed to this practise, but its bulls and its priests have not often given reasons which, like Dr. Ryan's, go to the root of the matter and found their objection upon a scientific conception of the true cause of the evil aimed at and suggest a scientific cure. The wise, wise statement of this wise priest follows:

"The Cleveland case once more brings home the socially destructive nature of the teachings of birth control! There is no condemnation by this judge of our economic system which denies this couple a living wage.

"According to the judge's view there is nothing wrong in a family of five being forced to subsist on twenty four dollars a week—it does not occur to him to denounce those economic practices which in this land of plenty deprive the worker of the means of living a normal human life.

"In effect, he asserted that underpaid laborers have no right to normal human lives. This inhuman doctrine will be very satisfactory to all the exploiters of labor and all the masters of industry who deny the ethical principle of just wages.

"It shows that those who urge birth control upon the laboring classes are necessarily defenders of economic injustices and retainers of plutocracy."

With our hats off to the Rev. Dr. Ryan, we would remark that, until our economic system enables people to provide for their children, we might let parents limit their offspring in their interest and their children's. And even then, even when there is food, shelter and clothing for all, it would be wiser to let our knowledge and our power increase and spread, so that people can freely govern their own lives. It is hard to understand why churches and normal teachers prefer to call in the police rather than themselves to trust to their own ethical teachings. You would expect priests to be jealous of cops and judges.

"... They have all meant well, our enemies and the knaves at whom we've laughed, the liars, the clowns in office, the kings in hell, they have all meant well in the main... some of them tried the mountain road of tolerance..." —R. Jeffers.

The Pacific Coast

THE "AMERICA" OF ERNEST BLOCH

On Thursday evening the twentieth of this week an interesting thing will happen. Ernest Bloch's epic Rhapsody, "America," which was unanimously chosen as the prize-winning score among ninety-two manuscripts submitted in Musical America's symphonic contest, will be played simultaneously in five cities. As a solution of the problem of the composition's first performance, the five judges agreed upon a simultaneous premiere. Therefore on the same evening it will be conducted by Alfred Hertz in San Francisco; Walter Damrosch in New York; Leopold Stokowski in Philadelphia; Serge Koussevitzky in Boston, and Frederick Stock in Chicago.

We heard one of the final rehearsals in San Francisco last week,—a rich experience. Up in the center balcony of the theatre sat the composer alone, before the massive score, listening to his symphony,—called a rhapsody, since its form is modern and free,—a projection from the inner imagination into the outer world. The beautiful brow of the Jew, the mystic, the creator, shone. There was something almost like visible light upon a face usually somber. It was a good moment in the life of a man.

Sometimes he called a courteous correction across the space to the stage; sometimes the conductor referred to the composer with a doubt or a question. Bloch to Hertz; Hertz to Bloch, each respecting the authority and the dignity of the other. Tone filled the great room, rolling in waves of gold, in sharp hot color, in cooler dim thunder, telling in abstract sound the history of a nation. The rhapsody is a history of America,—a companion to the New World symphony of Dvorak. Bloch has used not only the historical musical material of Indian, folksong, and war-time; but he has told his story in manners and styles fitting their epochs. The first telling of the life of early America has a simplicity of treatment, a dignity of the use of material, which give way in the last to a brilliantly confused, emotionally contrapuntal, superposition of one layer upon another. The last tells of the Machine Age in its own manner, yet without satire, and comes to a magnificent conclusion in a great chorale. It is evident that the composer is looking past our civilization toward another whose tones will have greater resonance and deeper meaning.

Comparable as this composition is to the New World Symphony of Dvorak, it is actually bigger, certainly more brilliant, and far more complex. It shares with the work of Dvorak a simplicity of feeling and a directness of statement, and like it

has a frank intelligibility which may make of it almost a folk-symphony. It will be much liked by audiences.

When a year or two ago we once asked, "What is there in San Francisco? Who is there?" the answer came immediately, "There is Ernest Bloch." It is good to live in a world in which sometimes one comes upon human beings like this.

—p. g. s.

PONDERING

Some sophisticated New Yorkers had come to see the great poet. With all their arts of conversation they could not get him to talk. It embarrassed them. As a final resource they began on Orage. They had all been students of his. What a remarkable man he was, they said, ... advised them always to have something to ponder upon.

Jeffers looked up with disquieting innocence. "But what do they find to ponder about?" said he.

FROM JEFFERS' POEMS

... life's conqueror will not fear life...
the beautiful succession of the breeding
springs, the enormous rhythm of the
stars' deaths and fierce renewals... and
the quality of life as of death and of
light as of darkness is one, one beauty,
the rhythm of that wheel, and who can
behold it is happy and will praise it to
the people.

* * * *

Lend me the stone strength of the past
and I will lend you the wings of the
future, for I have them.

* * * *

Yet to die having made something more
equal to the centuries than muscle and
bone, is mostly to shed weakness.

* * * *

The tides are in our veins, we still mirror
the stars, ... but there is in me, older and
harder than life and more impartial, the
eye that watched before there was an
ocean. ... Before there was any water
there were tides of fire,

* * * *

There is only one Power, and all its forms
are equal before it.

* * * *

Humanity is the mold to break away
from, the crust to break through, the coal
to break into fire, the atom to be split...

—"The Roan Stallion."

* * * *

... I said, "Humanity's the start of the
race, the gate to break away from... the
blind mask crying to be slit with eye-
holes."

* * * *

Well, now it is done, ... but not in a fable.

* * * *

We take our mortal momentary hour with
too much gesture, the derisive skies
twinkle against our wrongs, our rights,
our powers.

* * * *

"I will not touch Peace"... God thinks
through action.



from a linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

The Year was large and weighted curving wide to the dark
time of her deliverance. The deepening months of
Autumn knew the heavy gift within the womb, of Summer's
nourishing, of Spring, impregnate.

Dark November yearned toward Birth-month...

Christmas came... Appointed stood the star the same
in the same East, the night of ages known the same.

The earth's own radiant father-mate, true too on his own
lesser circle moving, kept the dark solstice date;
nor did he hasten nor did he wait nor was he late
nor soon...

The moon perhaps was bright... the moon perhaps it was
whose white hands upon the tide of the dark
mother was cause of the arrested labor, of that
compressive ache in the full breast, the cause, of
that unrest that held the birth retarded. Perhaps
the moon was bright in that high night that dimmed
the star...

The prescient wise men waited. The shepherds turned
upon the hill and slept. Bethlehem, the new old gate
was crowded bright with revelry. And Mary wept.

The cattle stood and vague eyed dumbly chewed; and Mary
down between their feet had crept; her head bowed low
upon her breast she listened for a word... nor heard...
Nor heard—nor stirred within, the Babe...

The manger was piled soft with hay. The Inn was far with
laughter. And waiting for the sweet sharp longed for
lightening pain through all the long night Mary lay...

The light was grey upon the face that lifted without dawn
upon the sullen day.

—Caroline Blackman.

EL PASEO

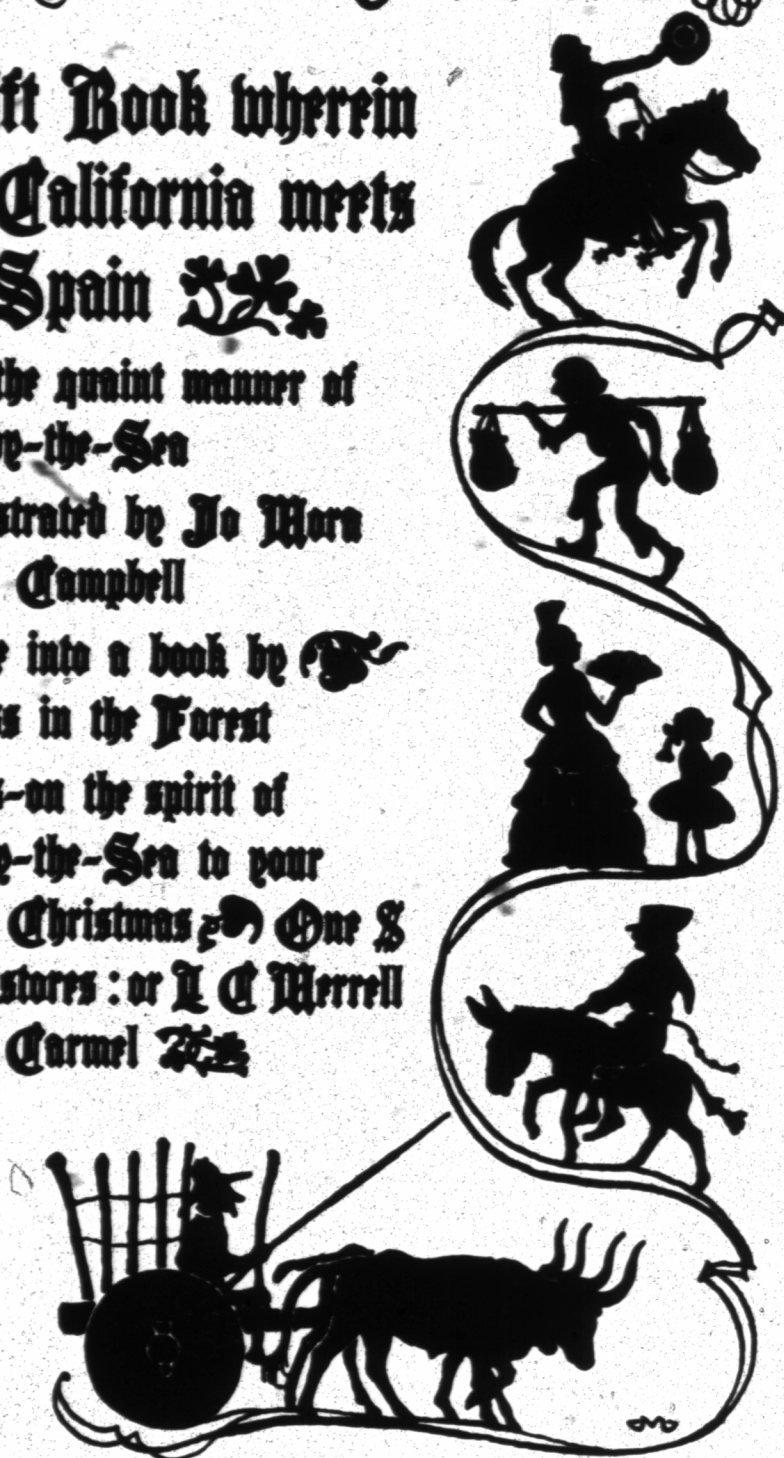
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Books . . .

Lobos... by Jeanne D'Orge. The Seven Arts, Carmel. 75 cents.

A striking little volume of verse has just appeared in Carmel. It is called "Lobos" and is by Jeanne D'Orge, one of our most authentic poets.

One feels in reading these poems that Lobos has been translated perfectly into that most elusive language, Poetry. Here is no superficial beauty, but the very flesh and bone of that great temple. Lobos becomes even an entity, the god of stone within the temple. It is strange how Lobos commands here a voice, there a brush. The artist does not choose Lobos. Lobos chooses the artist and that, rarely. The great finger points. "Give yourself to me and I will speak through you. To others I am merely something to be worshipped."

There is deep passion and power in these poems; infallible design; sculpture. They have the passion of Earth herself, who never flaunts her beauty before your eyes, but lies there dark, silent, waiting... an inexhaustible fountain. They speak the strange hypnotic power of Lobos:

"One goes into it unaware;
one comes out from it haunted
as the trees are haunted
and the undying rocks
and the dark groves where fear is."

Jeanne D'Orge is well known in Carmel as Jeanne Burton who has been for many years a resident among us, and is known by her intimate friends as a personality of peculiar magnetism and power. As a poet she was recognized long ago by Kahlil Gibran, Alfred Kreymborg and others who praised the particular elusive quality of her work. We feel it a distinct loss to American poetry that she does not write more.

Carl Cherry who designed the fine black and white cover is to be congratulated on the perfect setting he has given the poems. We also congratulate the Seven Arts Press on the very excellent pieces of work they have brought out.

EL PASEO. PUBLISHED BY L. C. MERRELL, AND PRINTED BY THE PRESS IN THE FOREST, CARMEL

There has come to our hands a most attractive little booklet about El Paseo, the beautiful Spanish court built in Carmel by Lewis Charles Merrell, well-known resident of Pebble Beach. "El Paseo" means the Passage Way or Meeting-place and Mr. Merrell's idea in planning this building was to preserve the serene atmosphere of old Spanish days, and insert it into the strenuous spirit of today.

"In its essence El Paseo is a two-fold structure—a material building set upon

the ground, but more than that, an idea founded upon a wish to perpetuate the traditions of the region."

The story and printing were done by the Press in the Forest—a very fine piece of work. The frontispiece and marginal sketches are by Jo Mora and the five page-drawings by Rose Campbell. The paper is rough screening and the cover is paper-leather bound with raw-hide.

"Toward Man," by Dane Rudhyar.
Seven Arts Press. Two Dollars.

We welcome from the Seven Arts Press D. Rudhyar's new volume entitled "Toward Man." It is a small book of chants bearing the stamp of a mind rooted deep in understanding. As we first looked them over they seemed to be the cry of a soul beating its wings against a prison. Then, looking deeper, we found the cry answered by another voice speaking beyond. It is to this second voice that we gave ear.

"There is no way out of the Dark
but to be the Dark, all the Dark
till it becomes Light itself.

There is no way out of Sorrow
but to be all the sorrow of Man
till Man himself becomes Joy."

Rudhyar has been called by some, a philosopher of tragedy. This is only half true if you look at tragedy from the ordinary point of view. But here it means something quite different. He uses the term in the heroic sense as a sacred happening. He does not deplore it or exalt it or deny it. He simply gives it meaning. Life is Tragedy; who will deny it in their inmost souls? But given meaning it becomes transfigured.

So in these poems you will not find the ordinary stuff of poetry, but red drops pressed from Life. You will also find, beyond the outer mask, acceptance stated in terms of Peace itself. —D. H.

Carmel in the December Magazines

Marcella Burke has an interview with Rhys Williams in Game and Gossip.

James Hopper has a Christmas story in the Delineator and another Congressional Medallist in McClure's.

Lincoln Steffens has a short story in the Survey Graphic called "Pull."

Robinson Jeffers has a review of Mark van Doren's new book of poems "Now the sky and other poems" in the literary section of the N. Y. Herald-Tribune called "Books."

Jesse Lynch Williams' novel "They Still Fall in Love" starts in the December Saturday Evening Post.

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During the last five years the Bell System spent \$1,800,000,000 on additions and improvements of its plant.

There is equally a public requirement for safety of principal and earnings of the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the parent company of the Bell System. Since its incorporation in 1885 it has never missed paying a regular dividend to its stockholders, who now number more than 420,000.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust. It is fundamental in the policy of the company that all earnings after regular dividends and a surplus for financial security be used to give more and better service to the public.



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One Policy - One System - Universal Service

The Movies

Carmel has the most beautiful movie house in America. It was famous, the Golden Bough, when it was a Little Theatre, and people from all over the world came to see it. Now it is a movie house and sitting there comfortably in the straw arm-chairs one has today through the careful work of Gerald Hardy a chance to see some very good movies. Last week *White Shadows in the South Seas* was shown. The photography in this picture is exceptionally well-done, each scene being like a framed picture. The gorgeous food of the South Seas, described by every traveler and beach-comber was shown growing, cooking and being eaten, and left the spectator's mouth watering. Six months were spent shooting the scenes of this picture, a native orchestra played native music which put the actors in the right mood, Robert Flaherty the Director spared no pains to get his details right, and all the actors including the stars (Raquel Torres and Monte Blue) did excellent work. They had the courage to subordinate themselves to the picture and the settings, so that the impression left on the mind is one of personal and even racial tragedy—and not a mere show of silk stockings. The directors deserve congratulations for carrying out the tragedy to the end.

Gerald Hardy says that it was the best attended of all the pictures he has brought to Carmel and he is going to bring it back.

Today and tomorrow Eric von Stroheim's "Wedding March" is being shown, with Mary Ingels and Mary Walker playing numbers on two pianos as an added attraction. Then comes "Let Her Go Gallagher" with Junior Coghlan, "Tillie's Punctured Romance" on Saturday, "A Ship Comes In" with Rudolph Schildkraut and Louise Dresser on Sunday and Monday, and Tuesday for three days Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho." That should be a real Christmas treat.

"One of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen," comments Mrs. Maude Arnt regarding the "Wedding March."

Mrs. Arnt was referring to her experience in Hollywood.

"The Houses were crowded and I met many who were attending for the second and even third times," continued she.

"No one can afford to miss this picture."

In the war the manufacture of mass-tropisms, which had been a semi-criminal activity of bankers and big business men, became all at once the service of the Lord carried on by the organized respectability of the country, with the whole power of the Federal Government behind it.

—Upton Sinclair.

A NOTE ON THE POETRY OF ROBINSON JEFFERS

By Arthur Davison Ficke.

Havelock Ellis says, (Psychology of Sex, Vol. V, Page 113) "Yet, regarded as a whole, and notwithstanding the frequency with which they witness to congenial morbidity, the phenomena of erotic symbolism can scarcely fail to be profoundly impressive to the patient and intelligent student of the human soul. They often seem absurd, sometimes disgusting, occasionally criminal; they are always, when carried to an extreme degree, abnormal. But of all the manifestations of sexual psychology, normal and abnormal, they are the most specifically human. More than any other they involved the potentially plastic force of the imagination. They bring before us the individual man, not only apart from his fellows, but in opposition, himself creating his own paradise. They constitute the supreme triumph of human idealism."

Many horrified people who cannot understand at all what Robinson Jeffers is driving at would find their views considerably clarified by a careful and repeated study of the foregoing quotation. Among Robinson Jeffers' peculiarly personal gifts is a vivid sense of "the individual man, not only apart from his fellows, but in opposition, himself creating his own paradise." Robinson Jeffers does not hesitate, in picturing his lonely and often fatal figure, to follow it to the very edge of the abysses of madness and of death. Are these perilous adventures indeed, as Havelock Ellis says, "The supreme triumph of human idealism?" I do not know. . . But there can be no serious debate as to Robinson Jeffers' courage and genius in entering this world, and in giving us his unforgettable pictures of men and women blown like scuds of cloud across a stormy sky.

Good Americans resent Robinson Jeffers profoundly—because a secret part of them is aware of the terrible truth of all he writes. They wish him dead; they wish him unborn; they want the Hoover Boom to go on. Probably there are not even ten thousand living Americans who could divine, in the slightest degree, what this poet is writing about. They know he writes sometimes of very improper things; and that is all they know or want to know concerning the matter. Yet his work is undoubtedly one of the most serious explorations of the human spirit that has been attempted in our day. Whether you like it or not, there it is—a monument, shocking and beautiful.

CHRISTMAS ANIMALS

The linoleum cuts of animals in this issue are all the work of Virginia Tooker and may be bought in the form of Christmas stickers at all gift shops and news stands.

Does Perry Newberry write good juveniles? Ask the children. If they can't answer because they haven't read them, then that part of your Christmas problem is solved. Give them *Forward Ho!* and *Black Boulder Claim* and *Castaway Island*. Neither you nor they will regret it.

Rather a nice idea all around, for Carmel people to give Carmel children the work of Carmel writers bought at Carmel shops.

Do you know the delightful books by Hal Garott? *Squiffer* is one, *Snythergen* another.

Then there's *The Trail of the Little Wagon*, by Alice MacGowan.

Have you followed *The Fortunes of John Hawk* and *The Doings of the Dollivers*, by Grace MacGowan Cooke?

And *Little Brother Francis of Assisi*, by Michael Williams?

Have you heard *The Children Sing in the Far East* or *The Basket Woman*, by Mary Austin?

And *The Goosenbury Pilgrims*, by Ellen Rolfe Veblen?

Do you know that Robert Louis Stevenson used Point Lobos as the setting for the scenes in *Treasure Island*?

THE SEVEN ARTS Booksellers

Seven Arts Building

Carmel Phone Seven

STELLA'S

Don't rush, we will keep open until 9:30 in the evening until Christmas.

If you can imagine it

The
CARMEL BAKERY
has it—

Mince Pies—Fruit Cake—Pumpkin Pies
Real English Plum Pudding—German
Cookies—French Pastries

Phone 331

Ocean Avenue

STANIFORD'S DRUG STORE

PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS

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TELEPHONE: 150

CARMEL

Charm

is as essential to a woman's
face and hair as to her
wardrobe.

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Mezzanine Floor, Hotel San Carlos
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Every kind of Music

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CARMEL TAXI SERVICE

PHONE 15 DAY OR NIGHT

NOW IT HAS RAINED DID IT DRIP ON YOUR CARPET

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Monterey 330

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PEIRCE & TOWLE

AGENTS FOR
RAY AND THERMOLUX
AUTOMATIC OIL BURNERS

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Scenic home sites
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Rain
or Shine

Telephone: Carmel 50
CARMEL FUEL COMPANY
"Frenchy" Murphy

THE CARMELITE, December 19, 1928

WE REMEMBER OLD TIMES

Here are bits from letters written in 1913
by an old-timer of Carmel:

Dec. 24th '14

After three days southward wind and
torrents of rain which tied up the train
and stage service, shut off our mails and
kept holiday guests here, the sun has
come out and the village is repairing
damages, drying out houses and making
garden. The last day was a ripper. The
wind blew so hard that the rain couldn't
light, it shot through the air sideways.

I amused myself watching the storm from
the upstairs south window with a
weather-eye to leaks in the roof and
around the windows. The wind and
clouds were so heavy the ocean, the
shore, point Lobos were lost in it. All I
could see in the morning was a long line
of white surf washing up out of the
greyness.

Yolo is great company. He curls himself
up on the window beside me but keeps
one eye open for a possible chance to
run with me to the beach. He is a whirl-
wind of energy and will go out in any
kind of weather. He carries parcels for
me and drags driftwood up from the beach
with much growling and barking.

Still raining.

* * * *

It was terrific last night, came on again
soon after midnight. The sea and the
wind raged and I could hear a torrent
running past the house. Toward morning
I was up with candle and lantern to catch
the downpour. It had found a trail
straight into my bedroom and down
through the floor into the living room.
I set out pans and pails, pulled up rugs
and moved furniture, to the amazement
of sleepy Yolo who drank out of each pan
as it filled with water and tried to dodge
the drips, and in the midst of it, bang
whack went a south window—then the
deluge! With a piece of linoleum, a rag
rug and all the newspapers I could find
I succeeded in nailing up a semi-barrage
against the still beating wind and rain,
Exhausted with my efforts at five a. m. I
made coffee and dressed. Picked up a
magazine and found a picture of Mrs.
Pankhurst under which was written

"When lives are broken, the breaker of
a window is a small matter." Mrs. Pank-
hurst probably never broke a window
when she was a mile from a telephone
or a glazier.

This morning all the dead wood has been
cleared from the trees and chapparal, I
can see glimpses of the sea which were
hidden yesterday by leaves and brush.
Birds are busy and neighbors are emerg-
ing. Rugs and rags hung out to dry. I
was errand boy for the neighbors today
and heard storm stories uptown. Many
stayed up all night and almost every house
sprung a leak. Mr. L. said he had been
on 25 roofs in three days and he was
about ready to give up and build an ark.

The studios with skylights were deluged. We all agree we wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Anyhow we would rather be in Carmel in a storm than anywhere else. Big surf at noon. Everybody down and on the rocks to watch it. The Point looked like bird rocks there were so many people perched on it.

Yesterday afternoon I was just finishing a general garden clean up when B. A. came along and said:

"I've ordered Bird and the buckboard from the stables. Drop everything and come along, the surf is great at Point Lobos." I hurried a lunch and got into my high boots and short skirts. We started at one, four of us. We took turns walking over the boggy roads to the Point, (four inches of rain fell on New Year's Night) and all rode in through the toll gate. We found others before us and everybody was wild over the big sea. It sounded like a thousand furies as it boomed into the caverns and frothed and foamed at our feet. The rocks trembled, but overhead the sky was cloudless, we took off our sweaters and sat in our shirt-waists on the sunny rocks. The storm had spent itself. We sang little songs at being able to enjoy such a show just for the looking.

On the way home the sunset was more than lovely. The sky was like the inside of a great shell, opalescent and delicate, in the center of radiating clouds the sun went down clear and gold, it looked like a gigantic Esoteric symbol as it dropped from sight. I drove Bird to the stable and walked home. The afterglow lasted till after the stars appeared. Three little girls ran ahead of me on the main street. One of them suddenly stopped and looking up exclaimed "Oh, look, just see! There's a star in the pine tree!"

APOLOGIES TO ADVERTISERS

We regret to record the following misprints and errors in our advertising columns of last week.

Peter J. Reuter's antique shop is situated south of Seventh on Dolores.

The address of the Work Lumber Company is David and Lighthouse Avenues and their telephone number 2040 Monterey.

Mr. Claywell of the Dolores Pharmacy carries a very extensive line of D'Orsay's perfumes.

The address of the Grove Laundry is 462 Lighthouse Avenue and its phone 488.

The Carmel Florists are three miles out—just south of Highlands Inn.

The Golf Tournament advertised by Pine Inn starts September 29th.

ELECTRIC FIXTURES

MOE BRIDGE'S LIGHTING FIXTURES.
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED FIXTURES.
MANNING BOWMAN HOUSEHOLD
APPLIANCES.

TICE ELECTRICAL SHOP

Alvarado Street

Monterey

STUDEBAKER —AND— ERSKINE

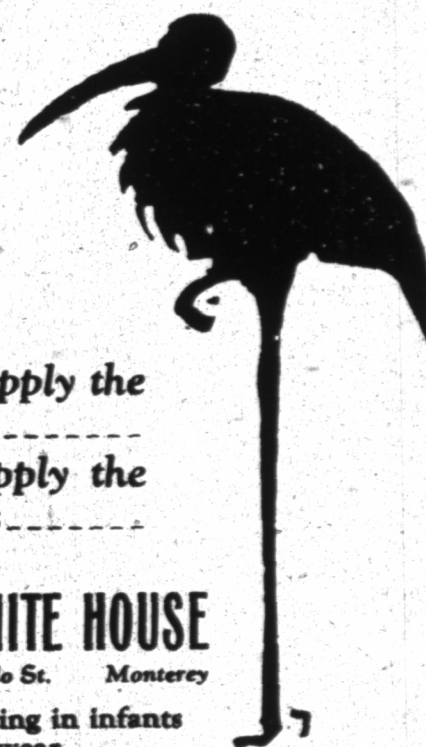
Sales and Service

ALSO USED CARS

WM. P. SWEENEY MOTOR CO.

Fremont St.
Near Del Monte

Phone
1493



you supply the
baby -----
we supply the
clothes -----

THE WHITE HOUSE

462 Alvarado St. Monterey

Specializing in infants
wear

Carmel Realty Co.

R. C. DE YOE



HOMES FOR RENT
REAL ESTATE — INSURANCE

"BEST BUYS"

in
CARMEL

Homes for Summer rental
Carmel House and Lot
Company

Parkes
Building

Phone:
Carmel 71

Not even the Christmas rush impedes
our service or the quality of goods we
deliver—free



Campbell's Cash Grocery

dolores street
carmel
phone 448

ELECTRIC RATES REDUCED

5c worth of ELECTRICITY WHAT A WONDERFUL NICKEL'S WORTH IT IS

- 5c spent for electricity will run a washing machine over 4 hours.
- 5c spent for electricity will make a hot kitchen comfortable with an electric fan for over 20 hours.
- 5c spent for electricity will run a sewing machine for 14 hours.
- 5c spent for electricity will keep the refrigerator cold for over 16 hours.
- 5c spent for electricity will run a vacuum cleaner for over 6 hours.
- 5c spent for electricity will light your reading lamp for 4 long evenings.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC CO.

P.G. and E.
Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

Holiday Greetings to You

Here's hoping that we may
serve you often during the
following year

Murphy Building Materials

Ninth Ave. and Monte Verde
Carmel 153 | Phone
Monterey 1840

THE CARMELITE, December 19, 1928 HAVEN

There are still in the world people who abandon kittens upon doorsteps. They are people of strange imagination, no doubt. You see them climb from their car, deposit the kitten, looking very new and very much perplexed, at a door neither they nor it ever beheld before, and make their quick departure. These bipeds are, by all the rules of the dictionary, entitled to the name human being. But the rest of the world, in self defense, protests that they are not OUR kind of human being. They are a kind whose imagination does not function after the furry mite has been left upon the doorstep.

Now this is where the Carmel Humane Society steps in. Mr. Joseph Schoeninger, president. (We will say nothing of the time when Mr. Ralph Skene was president, and had all the fun of being called out late at night to rescue from starvation what was reported to be a poor little dog, but who turned out to be an ugly brute who had crawled under the bed and couldn't be persuaded to come forth.)

On Sunday morning of last week the Carmel Humane Society was called upon to put all its massive machinery in motion for the sake of one little grey kitten. Decades of research had prepared the gigantic telephone industry for fitness to meet this moment. And if Gutenberg had not invented the printing press centuries ago, who knows whether there would have been a Carmelite in which a little boy might insert an advertisement "Wanted, a little new kitten?" It would take a Thornton Wilder fitly to tell how the total history of mankind had focussed upon the event in the life of this little animal to combine the press, the telephone, and the industry of Mr. Joseph Schoeninger of Carmel, for the service of an orphan set upon a doorstep and abandoned to its fate.

We will leave to the imagination of the reader the picture of the telephone operators of the world, listening, listening, for the voice of Mr. Schoeninger over the wire to say, "I saw in the Carmelite your advertisement for a kitten. This is the Carmel Humane Society; and we have just the kitten for you. It is sitting on a doorstep waiting, and is very much an orphan."

The kitten, much plumper, and thriving with a renewed sense of security, is at this moment purring most stupendously by its newly adopted fireside. And who can say whether this is most due to the invention of printing, the development of the telephone or the activities of the Carmel Humane Society, Mr. Joseph Schoeninger, president?



The Youngest Set

The Modern Child.

"Mother, why did the shepherds have crooks with them? I thought crooks were bad men."

* * * *

"Mother," said David, looking over the Christmas number of the Pine Cone, "I suppose I ought to like the Carmelite the most; but I'm afraid the one I really like the best is the Pine Cone."

SLEEP IN A TRAIN

A little girl couldn't sleep on a train. Her mother asked her why. She didn't answer immediately, but after her next railroad trip she wrote an essay entitled "How Could I Sleep."

"Slower, slower, slower, the rhythm of the wheels over the ties in the track has now come to a stop. My train is still. Voices are heard. Loading and unloading baggage."

Speeding through the dark night, a darker streak, a light, a muffled whistle, and dark again. But in the train a heart is beating fast, to be moving fast, the danger, making your pulse beat all over your body. I have been with all this, watching the horizon change as the fantastically shaped mountains come before me. Now we are passing a freight train. I don't know what's in it but it's fun to guess... The pungent odor of smoke, every breath more entrancing, smoke, signifying power and speed. I have been watching the trees change from oaks and pines in the north to eucalyptus and palms. Wouldn't it be fun to make a world of your own, cool trees in the South.

But now I strain my ears and hear the distant answer of a train. Its whistle answering ours.

When it has rattled by the voices loading baggage silence and my train pulls off into the night again.

How could I sleep?"

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

1 SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

Everybody tries to get home on Christmas Day.

They always go to church. Instead of Santa Claus they have the "Three Kings." They think Balthazar brings them their toys. He comes on a camel. On Christmas Eve they hide their shoes. The good Saint finds them, and fills them with sugar plums. Would you like to live there?

—Houston Hannon, Third Grade.

THE CARMELITE

ENTER THE NAME BELOW ON YOUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST

address.....

name.....

I ENCLOSE CHECK FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION THREE DOLLARS

We make up your beds

CONSTRUCTION WORK

FERTILIZER

GARDEN WORK OF ALL KINDS

MONKSHOOD at \$2.50 a dozen

Carmel Florists

3 miles out — Just South of the Highlands

Phone 455 Carmel Box 92

\$3250 buys a delightful Home in Carmel Woods: House warm and cosy—Garden planted and fenced. Ocean View.

This is Real Value: Terms:

\$5900.00 buys new stucco Home. Electrically equipped. Two large bedrooms. Guest House which is of same character in structure as main House: Complete Privacy afforded by walled in Patio.

Good Terms Arranged.

LOVELY HOME in Pebble Beach on approximately one acre. Close to water: Beautifully Terraced Garden. This property must be sold, and a sacrifice for quick action.

PENINSULA REALTY CO.

Corner Ocean and Lincoln

Phone 236

That Last Minute Rush!



You have'nt time to look round many shops now—

So get into your auto and go

OVER THE HILL TO HOLMAN'S

We have Gifts for Everyone in our 46 Departments
Lighthouse Avenue Pacific Grove

Dr. Raymond Brownell

Dentist



Kocher Building Phone 250
Dolores Street, Carmel

Dr. Clarence H. Terry

Dentist

El Paseo Building

Dolores at 7th Street
Phone: Carmel 106

Dr. Francis U. Randol

Orthodontia Exclusively

Phone 17
Hotel San Carlos, Monterey

DR. CARL L. FAGAN
Osteopathic Physician

First Door South of Telephone Office
Telephone: Carmel 440

Dr. C. E. Eddy

Chiropractic, Naturopathy,
Physiotherapy
Health Culture, Foot Orthopedy
Telephone Carmel 105

CHESTER HARE
OPTOMETRIST

408 Alvarado Street, Monterey
Phone 1073

BANK OF CARMEL

OFFERS A COMPLETE
BANKING SERVICE

Four Per Cent Interest Paid on Savings

2 ITALY

On Christmas in Italy the children learn poems and songs to write to their parents on Christmas Eve. They go to church on Christmas morning.

Mother Goose is their Santa Claus, and they call her Belfana. She rides on her broomstick from door to door, and gives gifts to the children. Instead of a tree they have an urn in which they put their gifts.

—Josephine Molteni, Third Grade.

3 FRANCE

In France the children do not believe in Santa Claus. They believe in Pere Noel which means Father Christmas. If they are good they get presents, and if they are bad Rupprecht brings them switches.

Every Christmas they go to church. On the altar they have figures of the Holy Child, Mary, and Joseph. They have more gifts on New Year's Day than they do at Christmas. They place their shoes in the corner of the room.

They give extra fodder to the cattle at Christmas time. They give grain to the birds. The watch dog is left unchained.

—Warren Jiminez, Third Grade.

4 Norway

The people in Norway get around the tree, and tell stories and sing songs. While they are in bed Kristine comes, and brings their toys. They believe in Kristine. We believe in Santa Claus. At five o'clock the tree is lighted.

The birds, cows, horses, cats, and dogs are given extra food. No one is forgotten. All the shoes are placed in a row at Christmas time to show that the family will live peacefully.

—Raymond Brownell, Third Grade

5 A CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Lena. Lena's father was killed in the war while she was still a baby.

Christmas was coming. Lena's mother was wondering who would tell the Christmas story. So she said in a sad voice, "Your father was killed in the war, and your mother has no Christmas stories to tell." Lena began to cry. But just then the mother thought of something very nice that she could do on Christmas. She said, "Lena, I will read to you out of my bible. Do not cry." Lena said, "No, I won't cry." so she didn't. That night was Christmas. They had a happy evening.

—Dorothy Woodward, Third Grade.

6 CHRISTMAS

Christmas is almost here.

We must be good or we will not have a thing for Christmas.

We will cry if we do not have a thing for Christmas. Now we will be good boys and girls. Our mother and daddy will bring us a doll, and a Christmas tree. We will be happy all day. We will have fun. Mother is good to us. You must say goodnight to your mother.

—Margaret Ledford, Third Grade.

CLASSIFIED ADS

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES:

**TEACHER OF PIANO
AND HARMONY**

Minna Berger, Dolores St.
next to Manzanita Club
Box 1147.

POSITION WANTED:

Silk bundles and fine
linen to take home. 296-J
mornings.

FOR SALE:

Scotch Terrier Puppies.
Pedigreed Scotties. Phone
evenings, Carmel 797.

7 CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND

"Wake up, Bertha! Wake up! Merry Christmas, you sleepy head!" As soon as Bertha heard this she rubbed her eyes. In a minute both children were dressed in their quaint costumes. They hurried downstairs to see what Santa Claus had brought them. Hans looked in his shoe, and said,

"Look here, Bertha! Here is an apple and an orange! And a pair of skates!" Why, you got a pair of skates too!" They joined hands, and both skipped happily around the room. It was a merry Christmas for them.

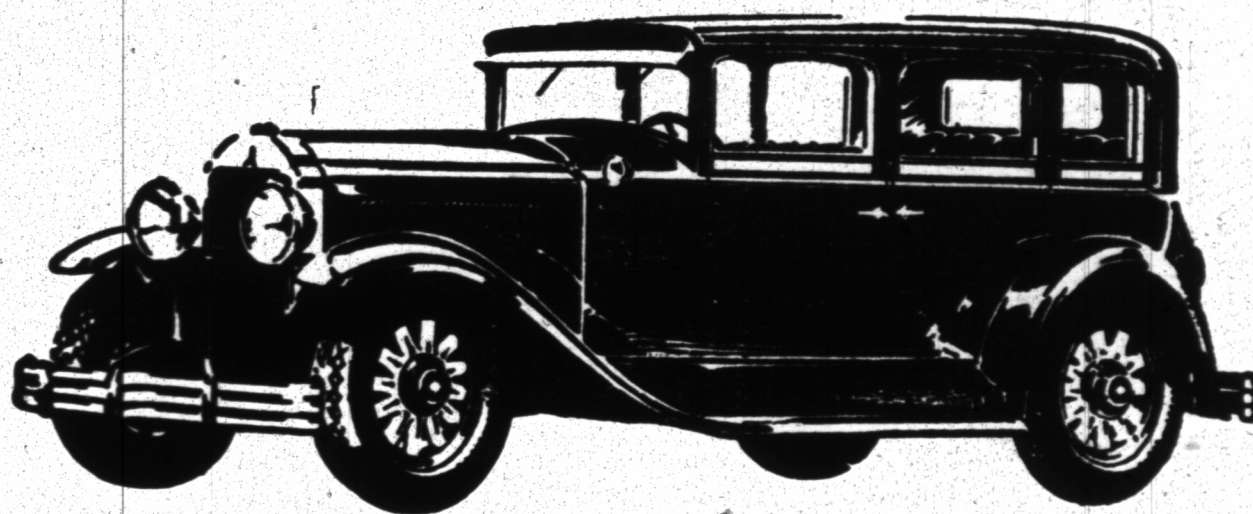
—Edward Ballam, Third Grade.

EL FUMIDOR
DOLORES STREET
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

Complete Line of Cigars and Tobaccos
Large Variety of Newspapers and Magazines

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ON
EARTH**

The Gift



Of all gifts, a *new*
motor car... of all
cars... a *new* Buick
... *the fullest measure of*
Christmas cheer you could
possibly give to your family

The Silver Anniversary
BUICK
With Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher

The Famous Zenith Challenge

Under identical circumstances and conditions, and taking our various models in their proper grade, we challenge any make of radio receiver to equal or surpass Zenith performance in quality or quantity of tone; selectivity; sensitivity; distance; ease of operation; precision of manufacture or general all around performance.

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A Real Pride of Ownership from
the Knowledge that he has
THE BEST



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